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JASONTM VS LEATHERFACETM

Part 2 of 3
"A Day in the Life..."

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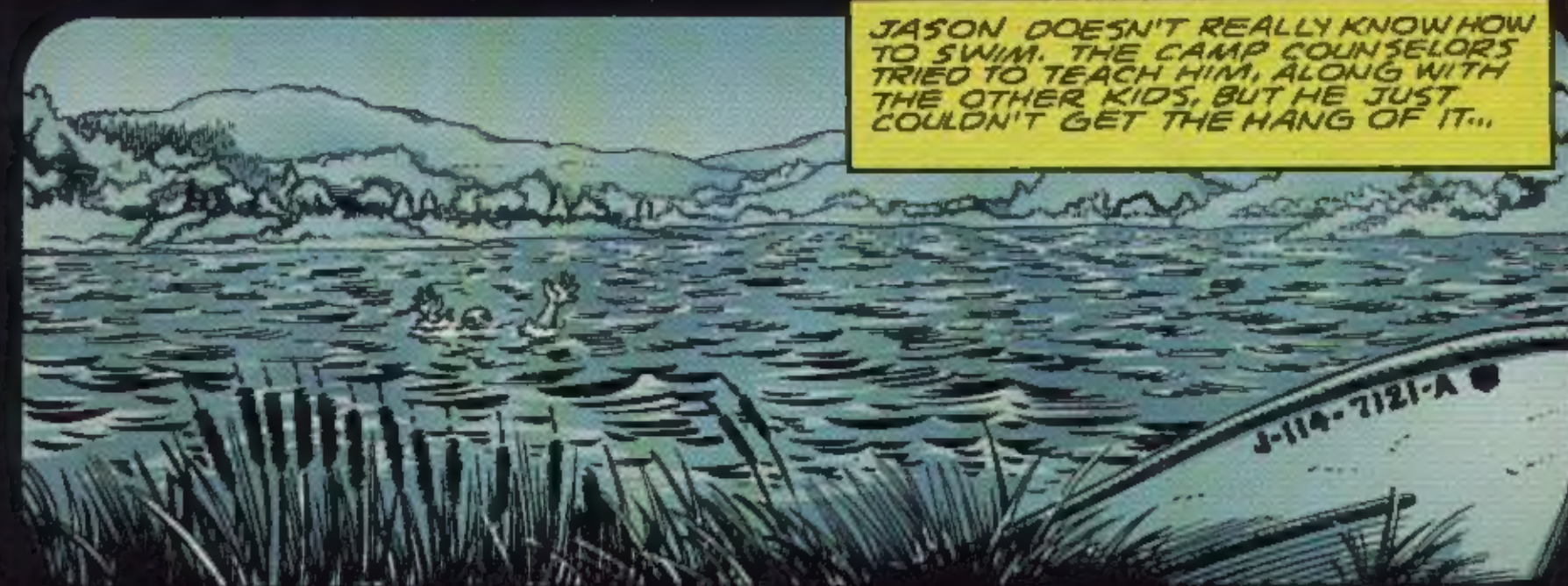
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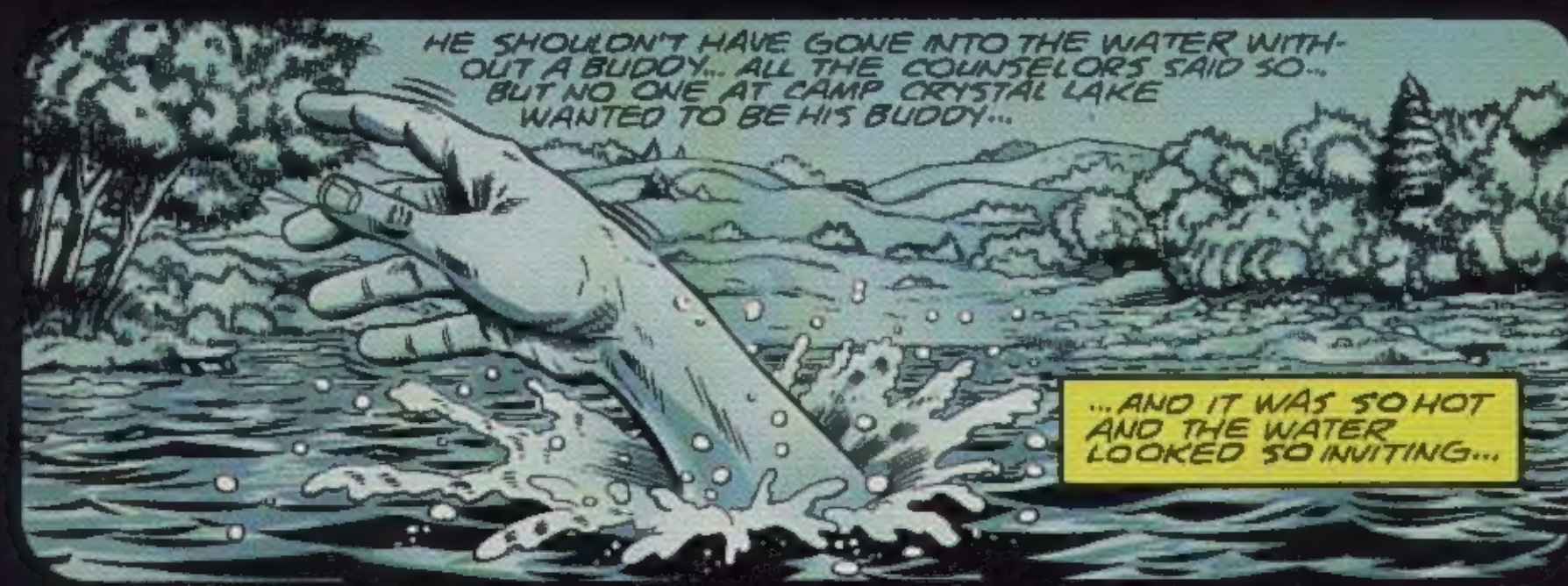




THE WATER IS SO MUCH DEEPER
AND DARKER THAN HE THOUGHT.
FROM THE SHORE, IT LOOKED SO
BRIGHT AND SPARKLEY
AND PRETTY...



JASON DOESN'T REALLY KNOW HOW
TO SWIM. THE CAMP COUNSELORS
TRIED TO TEACH HIM, ALONG WITH
THE OTHER KIDS, BUT HE JUST
COULDN'T GET THE HANG OF IT...



HE SHOULDN'T HAVE GONE INTO THE WATER WITH-
OUT A BUDDY... ALL THE COUNSELORS SAID SO...
BUT NO ONE AT CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE
WANTED TO BE HIS BUDDY...

...AND IT WAS SO HOT
AND THE WATER
LOOKED SO INVITING...



WHERE ARE THE LIFE-
GUARDS? WHERE ARE
THE COUNSELORS? WHY
ISN'T ANYONE TRYING
TO SAVE HIM?

MOMMY...

JASON!
WAKE
UP!







THAT'S
RIGHT,
BOY--
RUN!

RUN TO
MAMA!

HEY--HOW ABOUT
YOU GETTIN' THE
COOK'S TOUR OF
THE PLACE?

THINK YOU'D BE
INTERESTED IN
SEEIN' THE REST
OF THE OLD
HOMESTEAD?



THIS HERE'S THE KITCHEN
AND BUTCHERING AREA. IT
AIN'T NOTHING LIKE THE
SLAUGHTERHOUSE GRANDPA
USED TO WORK AT BACK IN
THE GOOD OLD DAYS...

...BUT IT'S NOT
BAD FOR A MOM
N' POP BUSINESS LIKE
OURS...

A DAY IN THE LIFE...



THIS HERE'S THE FREEZER--

—WE'RE HOPING TO SAVE UP SOME DAY AND GET US ONE OF THOSE BIG WALK-IN DEALS. BUT THEM BOOGERS ARE EXPENSIVE. WE GOTTA SELL A HELL OF A LOT MORE CHILI 'N' BARBECUE BEFORE WE CAN GET US ONE OF THEM!



AND THIS HERE'S THE SMOKEHOUSE!

JUST 'TWEEN YOU, ME, N' THE FENCE-POST, THE SECRET OF TRULY GREAT BARBECUE IS IN THE SMOKIN'!



YOU KNOW, SOMETHING, JASON--? I LIKE YOU, BOY, THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT YOU THAT'S--I DON'T KNOW--DIFFERENT SOMEHOW.

I FEEL LIKE I CAN GENUINELY TALK TO YOU, YOU'RE NOT LIKE THOSE DAMN FOOL PECKERWOODS...

...I HAVE TO RIDE HERD OVER, DAY IN AND DAY OUT!



I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING SPECIAL IF YOU PROMISE NOT TO LAUGH. PROMISE?



US SLAUGHTERS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN DEMONS IN THE KITCHEN! WE JUST HAVE A WAY WITH MEAT, YOU KNOW?

BUT BARBECUE AND CHILI'S ALL VERY FINE AN' GOOD--BUT I WANT TO MOVE UP! TRY MY HAND AT SOMETHING MORE--REFINED.

"MEBBE I COULD MOVE TO AUSTIN OR SHREVEPORT AND OPEN UP ONE OF THEM HAUTE CUISINE-TYPE RESTAURANTS.

"ONE WITH CANDLES AND CLOTH NAPKINS ON THE TABLE AND A FANCY NAME-- LIKE SLAUGHTER'S CASA DE LA MAISON HOUSE...

"THEN MEBBE I COULD SAVE UP ENUFF MONEY AND BUY ME A DOUBLE-WIDE AND A SATELLITE DISH AND SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE NOT WORRYING ABOUT A GOD-DAMN THING EXCEPT WHEN 'WHEEL OF FORTUNE' COMES ON..."

SLUURRRP!

DAMN!

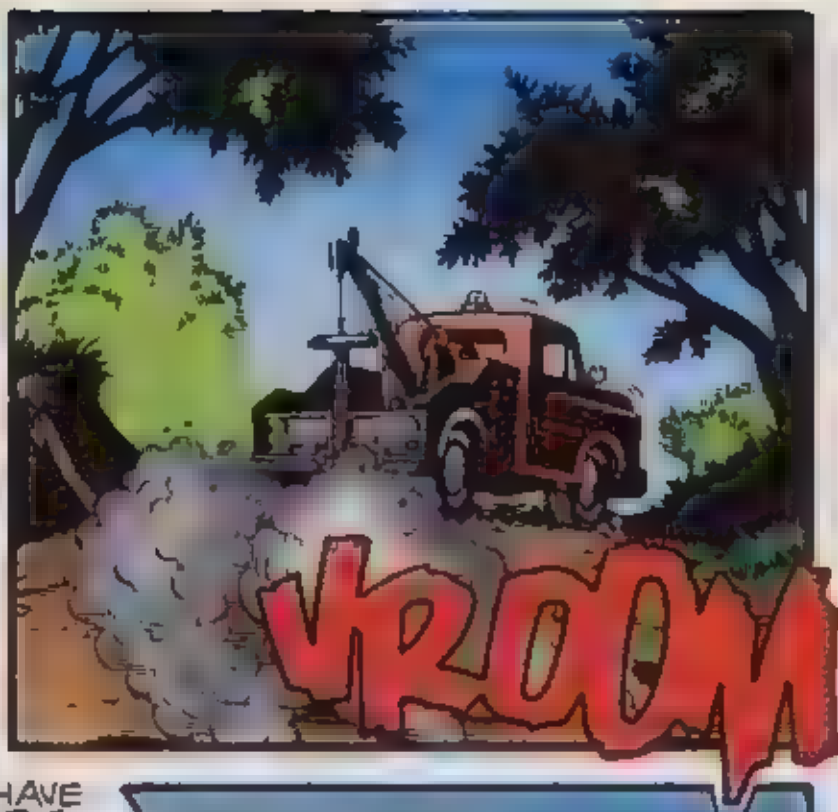
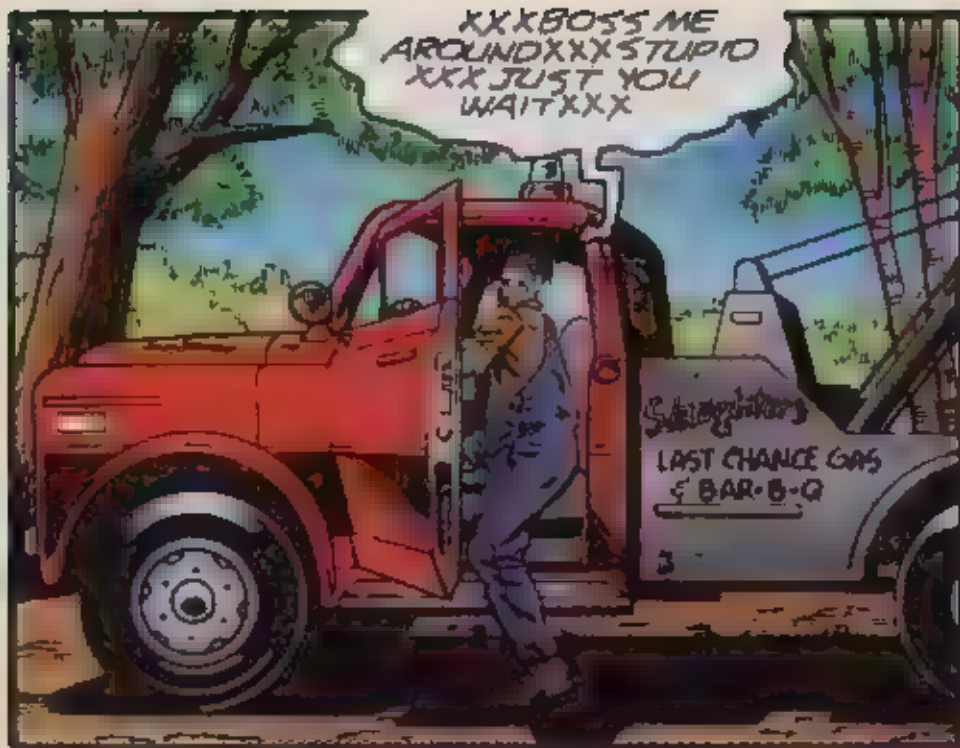
PSSST! JASON!

COME HERE FOR A SPELL, WHY DON'T YOU?

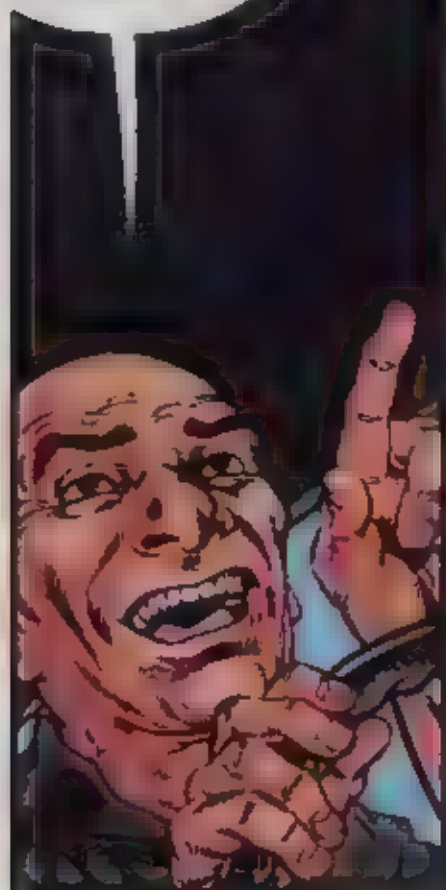
YOU WANNA SEE MY DOG, JASON?

HIS NAME'S SPARKY --AND HE'S A DAMN GOOD DOG!

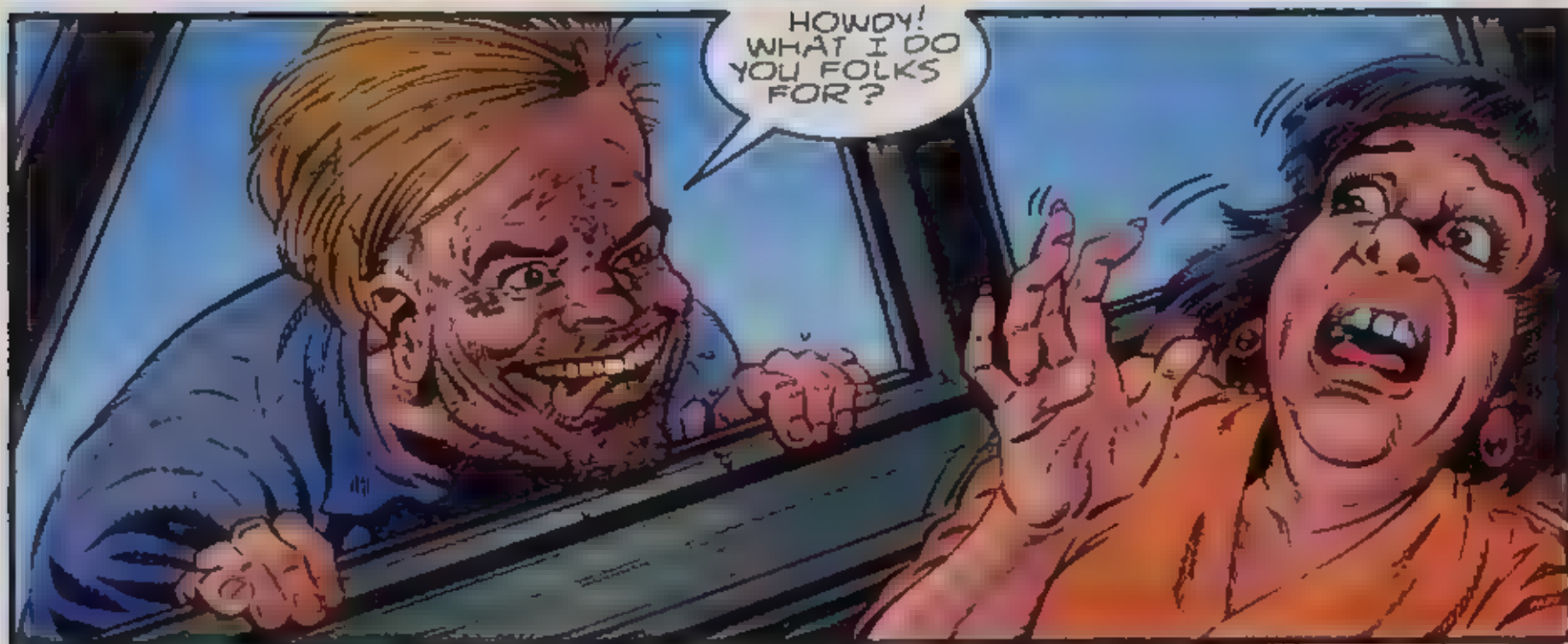
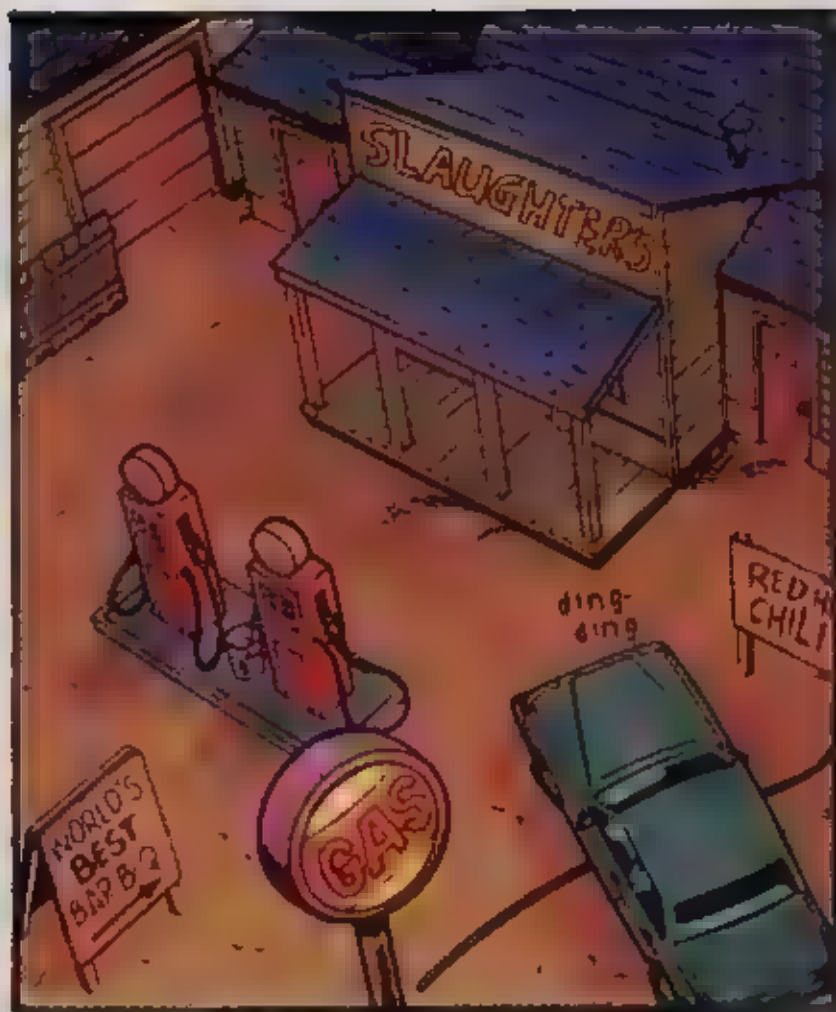




I HATE TO
SPOIL YOUR
GLOATING,
HONEY--



LOOKS
LIKE
WE'RE
SAVED!



HOWDY!
WHAT I DO
YOU FOLKS
FOR?



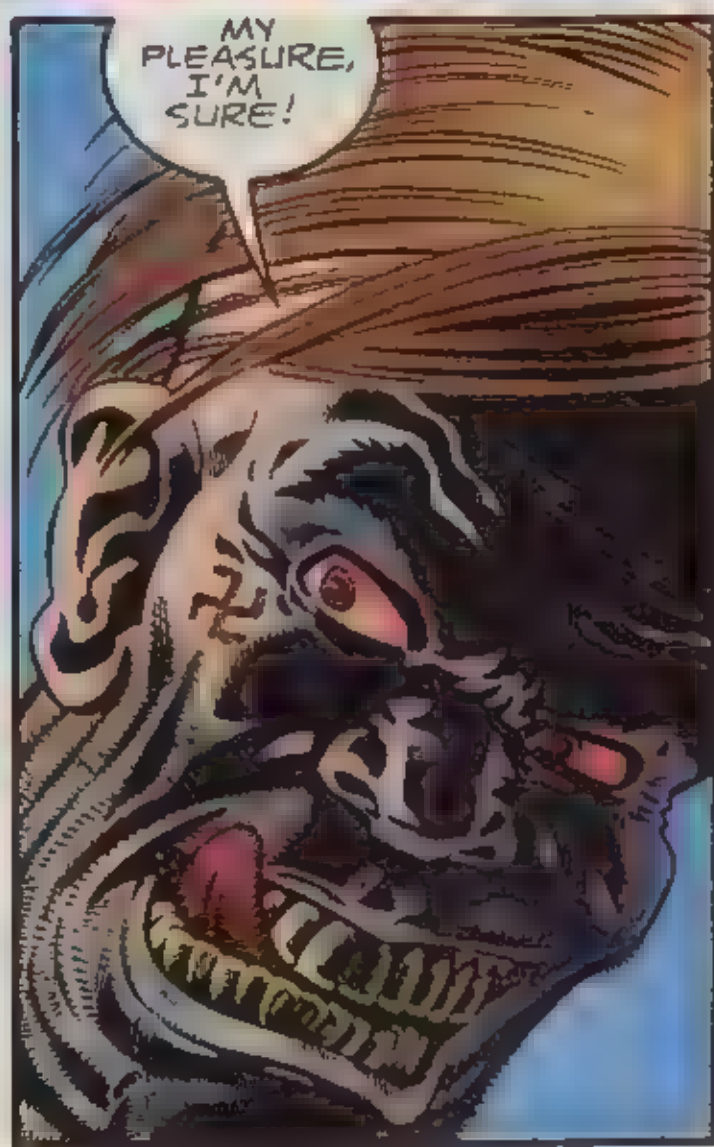
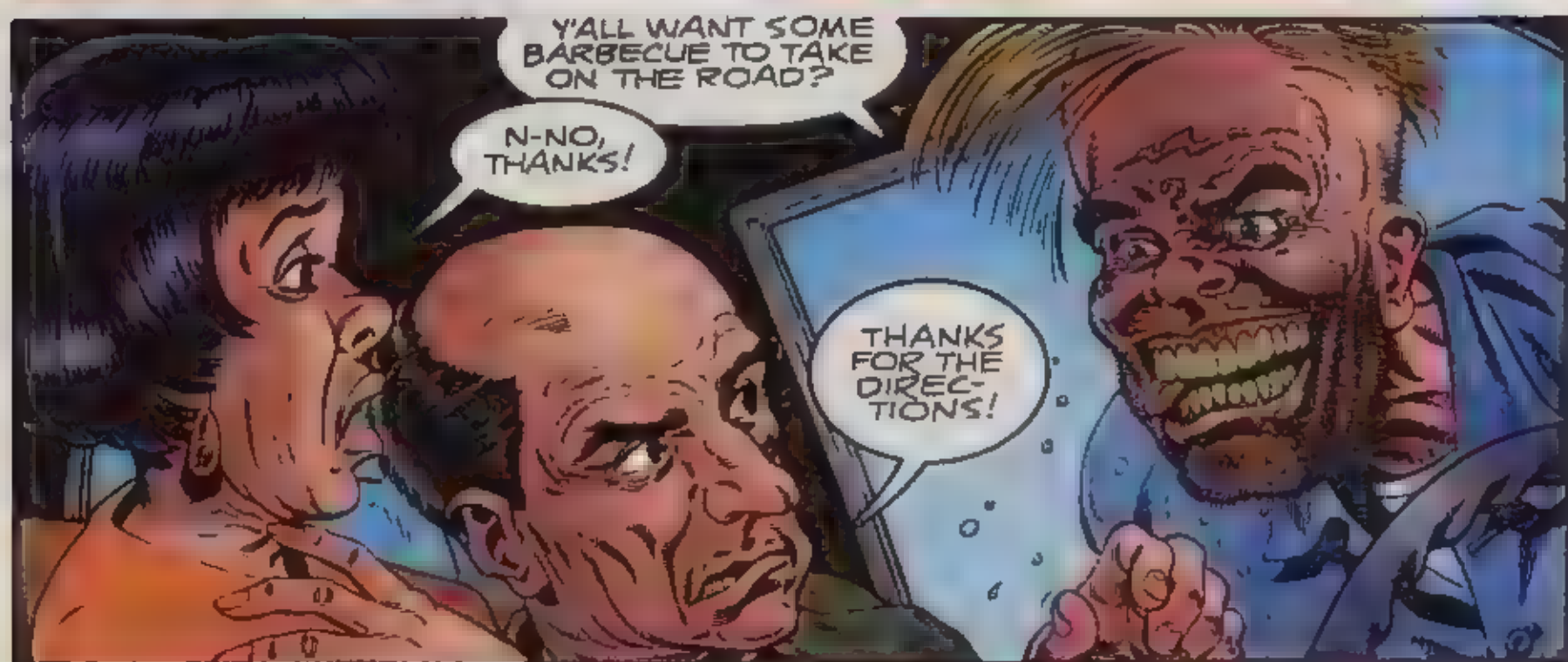
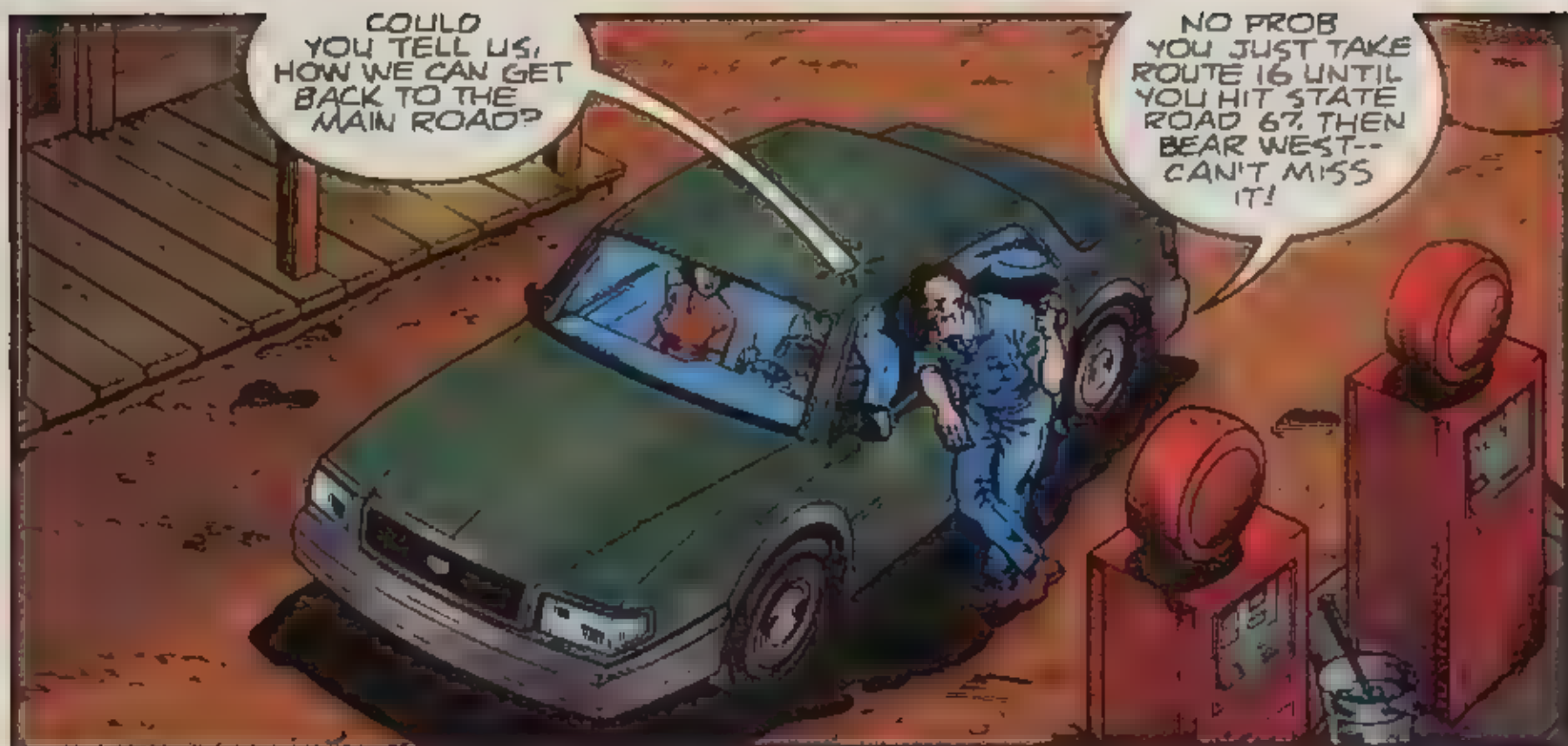
F-FILL
HER UP,
PLEASE...

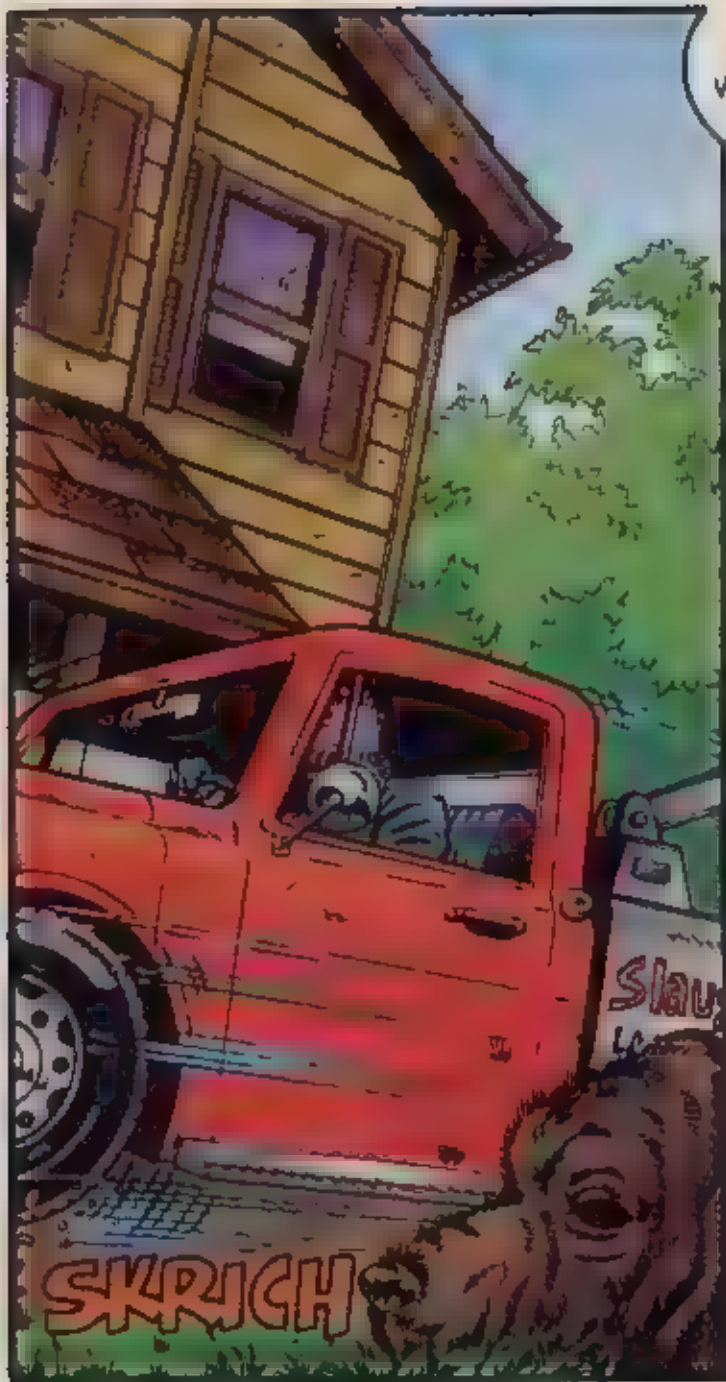
SURE
THING!

AND
YOU, UH,
CH-CHECK
UNDER THE
HOOD?



EVERY-
THING'S
OKEY-DOKE,
MISTER!





C'MON, BUBBA!
GRAB YER SAIN!
WE GOT OURSELVES
SOME GROCERIES
TO PICK UP!

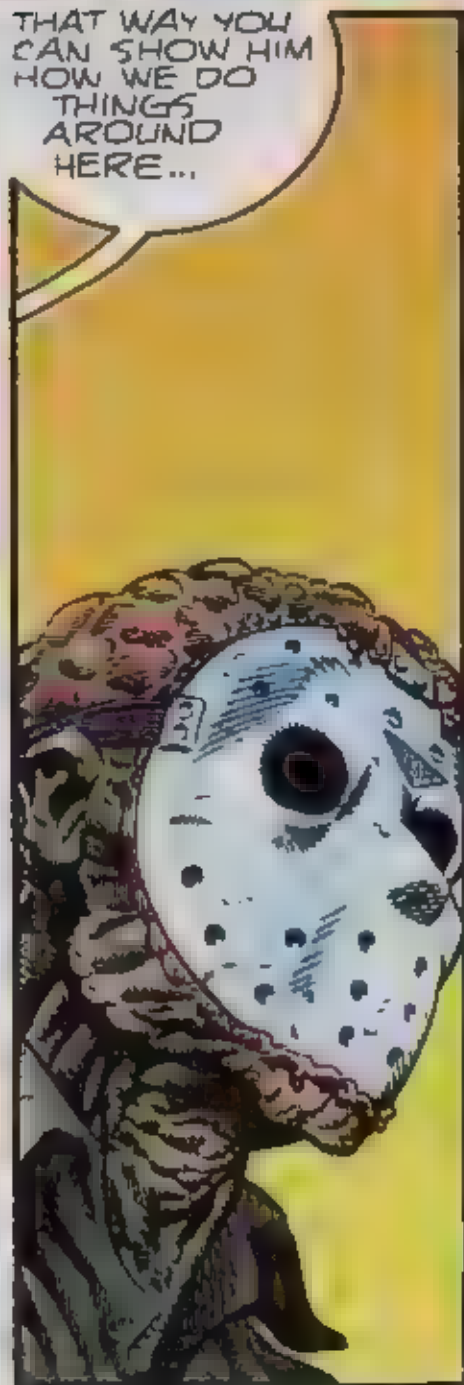


HOLD ON A
MINUTE,
LEATHER-
FACE

HITCHHIKER, WHY
DON'T YOU TAKE
JASON WITH
YOU THIS TIME
OUT?

UHHH!

THAT WAY YOU
CAN SHOW HIM
HOW WE DO
THINGS
AROUND
HERE...



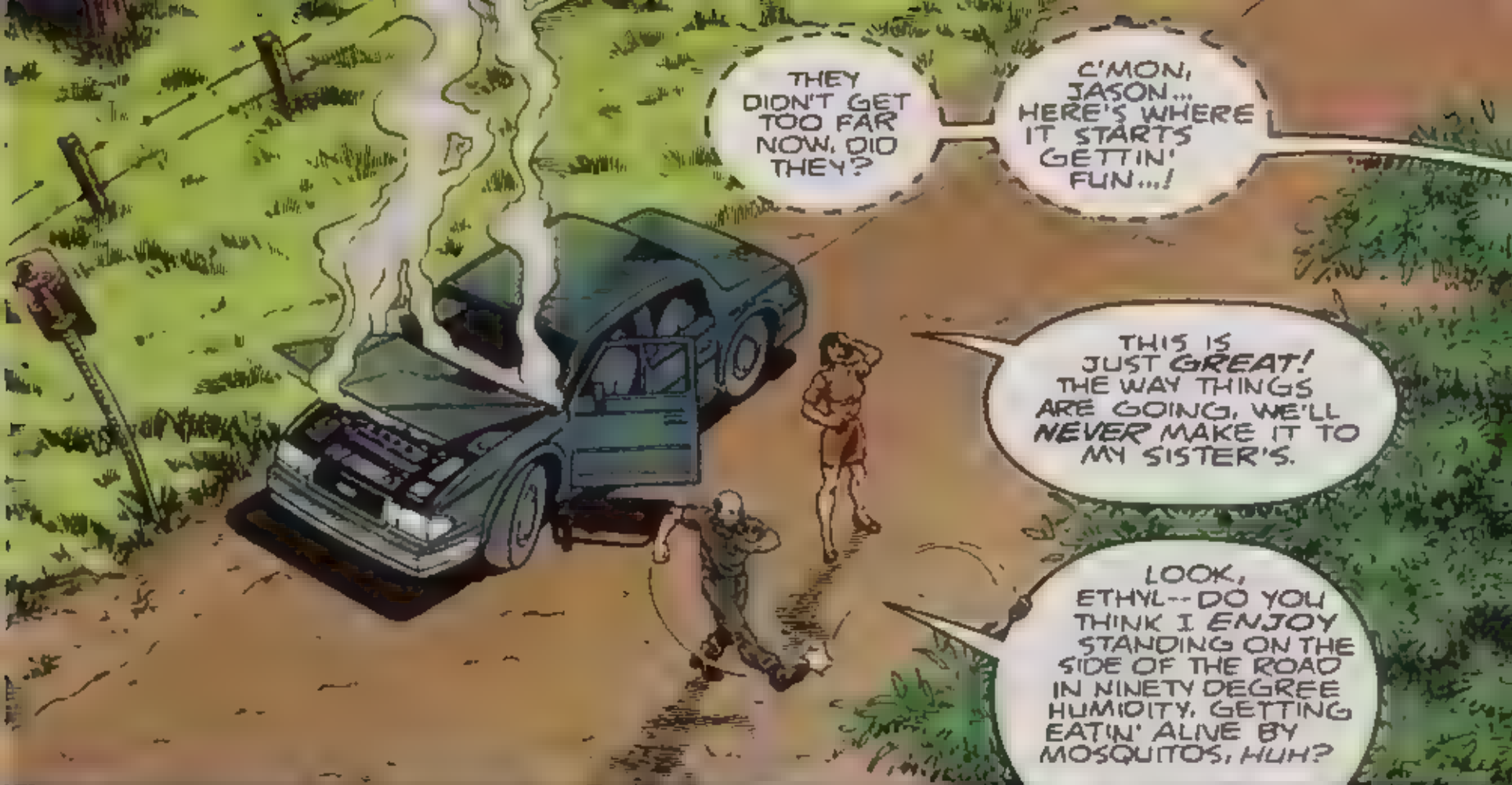
UHH!
UHH!
UHHN!

I KNOW YOU LIKE
RIDIN' IN THE TRUCK,
BUBBA. BUT YOU
CAN'T HAVE FUN
ALL THE TIME,
NOW CAN
YOU?

BE A BIG
BOY AND
LET JASON
RIDE WITH
HITCHHIKER
THIS TIME.

...OKAY?





THEY
DIDN'T GET
TOO FAR
NOW, DID
THEY?

C'MON,
JASON...
HERE'S WHERE
IT STARTS
GETTIN'
FUN...!

THIS IS
JUST GREAT!
THE WAY THINGS
ARE GOING, WE'LL
NEVER MAKE IT TO
MY SISTER'S.

LOOK,
ETHYL-- DO YOU
THINK I ENJOY
STANDING ON THE
SIDE OF THE ROAD
IN NINETY DEGREE
HUMIDITY, GETTING
EATIN' ALIVE BY
MOSQUITOS, HUH?

SO WHY DON'T YOU
SHUT YOUR BIG YAP
SO I CAN THINK,
FOR THE LOVE OF
GOD!



HOWDY!
HOPE I'M NOT
INTRUDING...

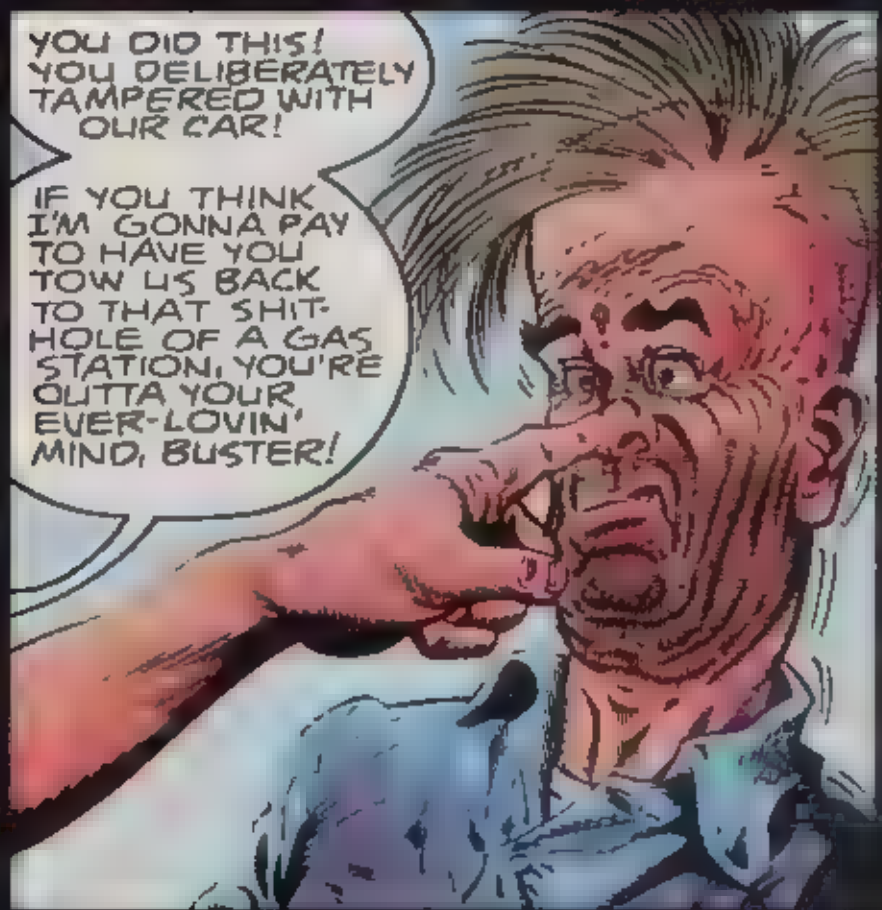


ANYTHING
THE MATTER,
FOLKS?

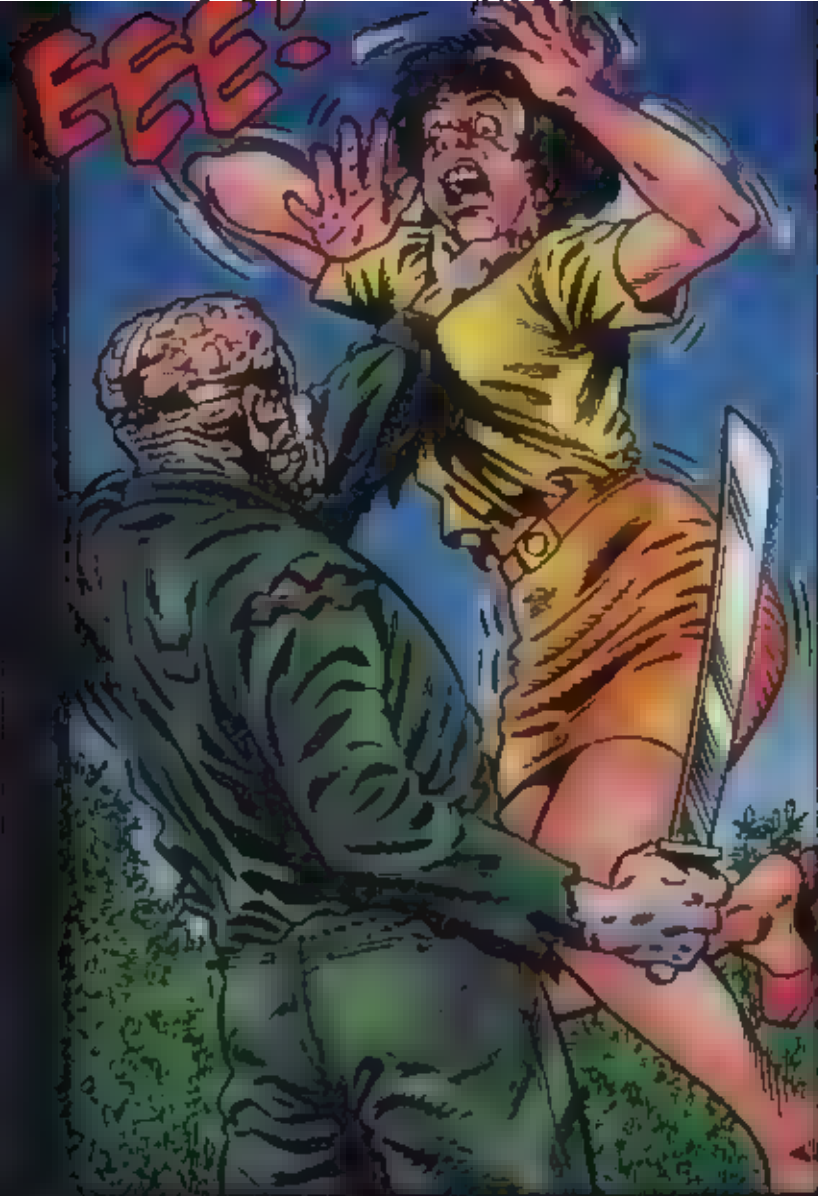


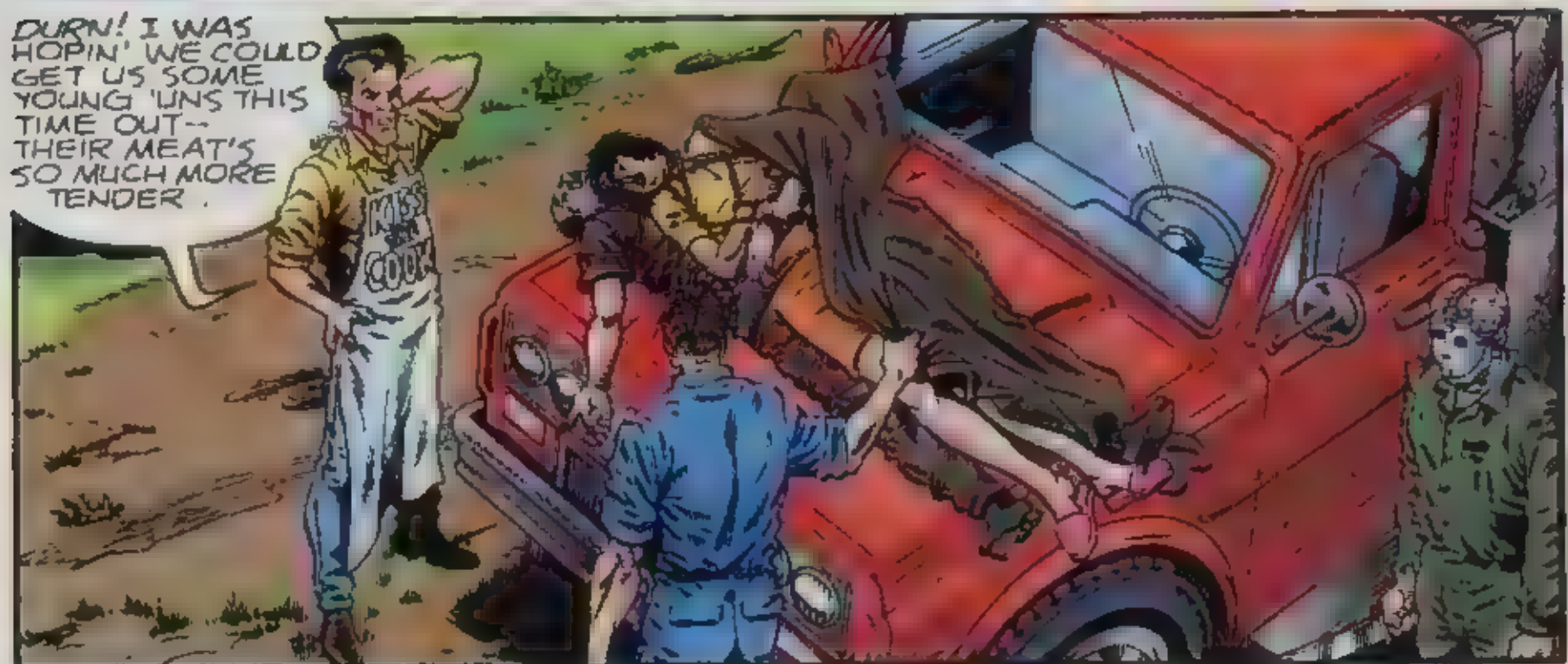
YOU DID THIS!
YOU DELIBERATELY
TAMPERED WITH
OUR CAR!

IF YOU THINK
I'M GONNA PAY
TO HAVE YOU
TOW US BACK
TO THAT SHIT-
HOLE OF A GAS
STATION, YOU'RE
OUTTA YOUR
EVER-LOVIN'
MIND, BUSTER!









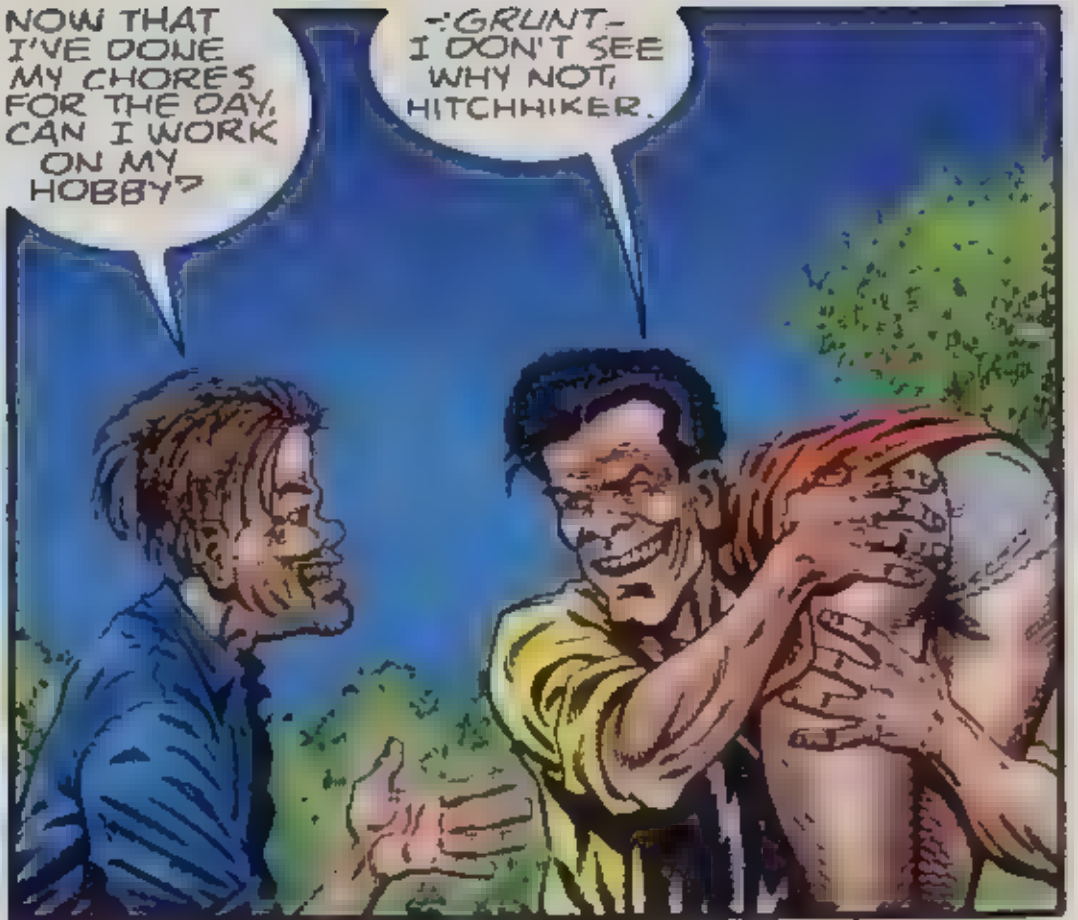
STILL,
BEGGARS
CAN'T BE
CHOOSERS...

C'MON, LEATHER-
FACE--HELP ME
GET THESE
GROCERIES IN THE
HOUSE 'FORE
THEY START TO
GO BAD!



NOW THAT
I'VE DONE
MY CHORES
FOR THE DAY,
CAN I WORK
ON MY
HOBBY?

-GRUNT-
I DON'T SEE
WHY NOT,
HITCHHIKER.

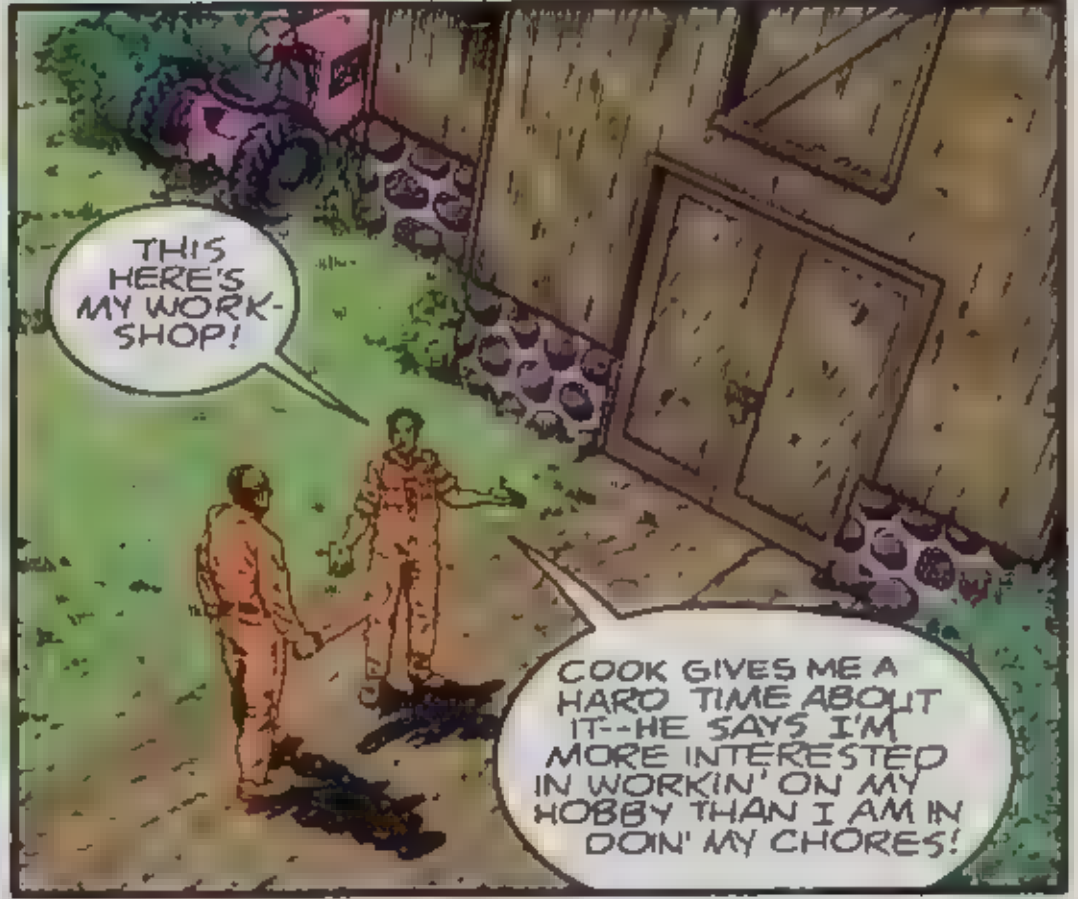


HOT
DAMN!

HEY, YOU
WANNA SEE
MY HOBBY?
C'MON! IT'S
REALLY
COOL!

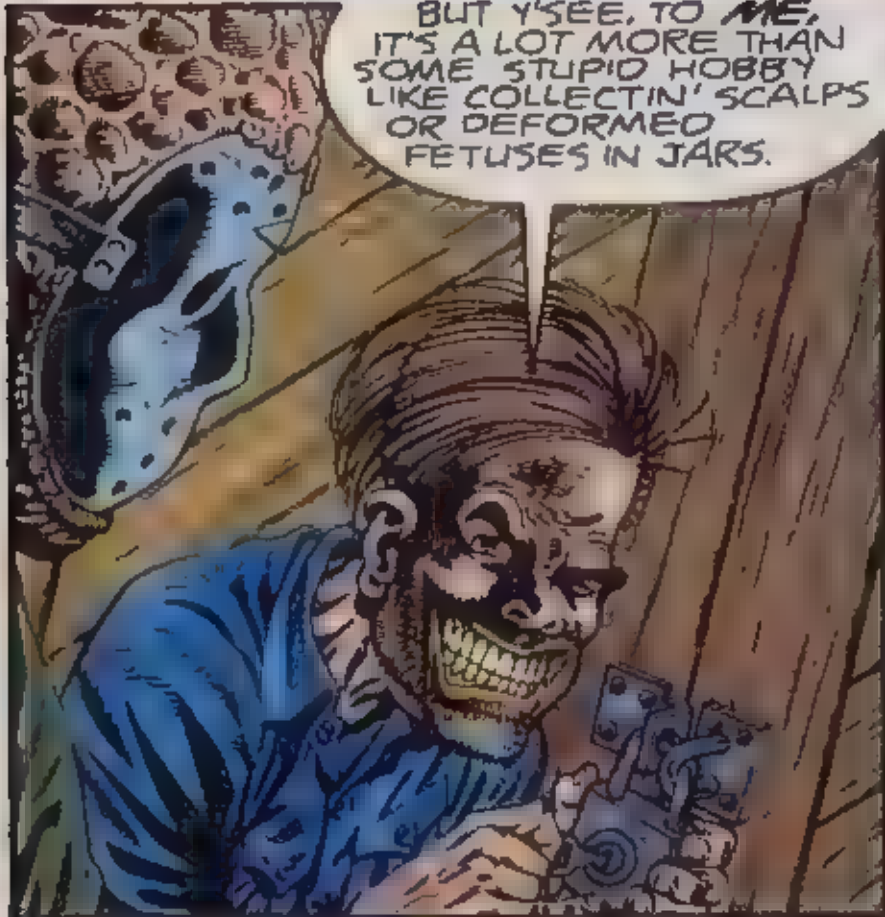


THIS
HERE'S
MY WORK-
SHOP!



COOK GIVES ME A
HARD TIME ABOUT
IT--HE SAYS I'M
MORE INTERESTED
IN WORKIN' ON MY
HOBBY THAN I AM IN
DOIN' MY CHORES!

BUT Y'SEE, TO *ME*,
IT'S A LOT MORE THAN
SOME STUPID HOBBY
LIKE COLLECTIN' SCALPS
OR DEFORMED
FETUSES IN JARS.



IT'S
MY
ART!



PRETTY
COOL,
HUH?

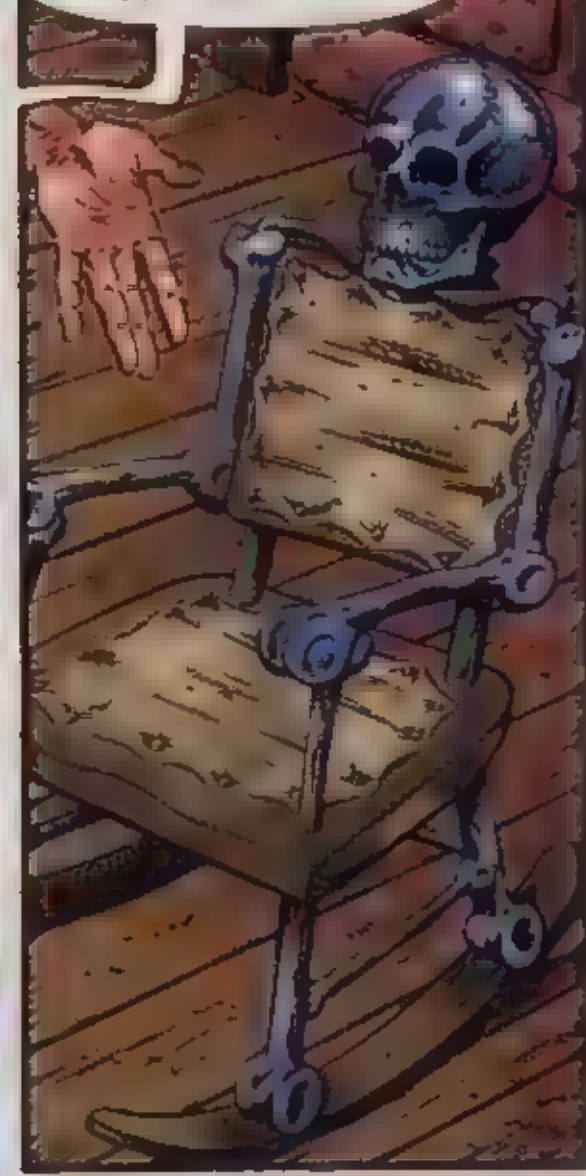


THIS HERE'S A READING
LAMP I MADE...NICE,
HUH?



I MADE THIS
'UN FOR GRANNY
COME MOTHER'S DAY--
HOPE SHE LIKES IT!

AND I MADE THIS FOR
GRANDPA'S BIRTHDAY
NEXT MONTH-- HE'S
BEEN NEEDIN' A NEW
ROCKER FOR AWHILE
NOW...



BUT THIS HERE'S MY
PRIDE 'N' JOY. I'M STILL
WORKIN' ON PUTTIN THE
FINISHING TOUCHES ON
IT--BUT I RECKON IT'LL
BE FINISHED IN TIME
FOR CHRISTMAS.

I MEAN--WHAT'S
CHRISTMAS WITH-
OUT A LAWN
SANTA, RIGHT?



LOOK.. HIS
NOSE EVEN
LIGHTS
UP!

IT'S TAKEN ME OVER SIXTY HOURS OF WORK SO FAR ON THIS 'UN--

LEATHERFACE!

CRASH!

WHAT THE HELL--?

YOU STUPID, CLUMSY SUMBITCH!

ARE YOU ET UP WITH THE DUMBASS OR WHAT? DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO STAY THE HELL OUTTA MY WORKSHOP? LOOK WHAT YOU DONE TO GRANDPA'S CHAIR!

UHHH! UHHH!

UHHH! UHHH!

THERE'S NO USE IN SAYIN' YER SORRY NOW, DAMN YOUR EYES!

THIS IS WHAT YOU GOT COMIN' --AN! THIS IS WHAT YOU'RE GONNA GET!

UHHHN!

SWAK SWAK

LOUSY
RETARD!
YOU'RE NO
SON OF
MINE,
DAMN
YOU!

UHHNN!

COME
BACK HERE,
YOU LITTLE
MONSTER!

COME BACK
HERE AND TAKE
YOUR MEDICINE
LIKE A MAN!

YOU CAN'T
SPEND YOUR LIFE
HIDING BEHIND
YOUR MOTHER'S
SKIRTS,
BOY!

IT'S BAD
ENOUGH
YOU'RE A
FREAK--
DO YOU
WANT TO
BE A
SISSY,
TOO?

HUH?

DORIS ?

SHLUK



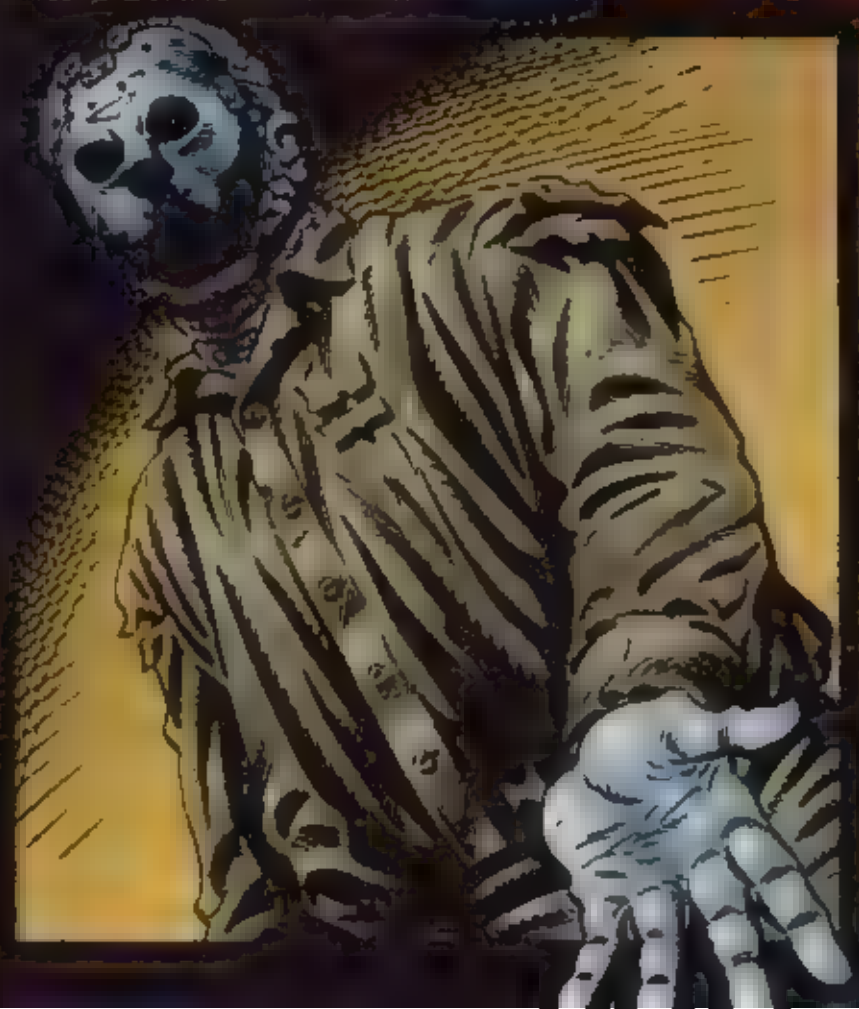
WHAT
THE HELL
DO YOU
THINK
YER DOIN,
BOY?



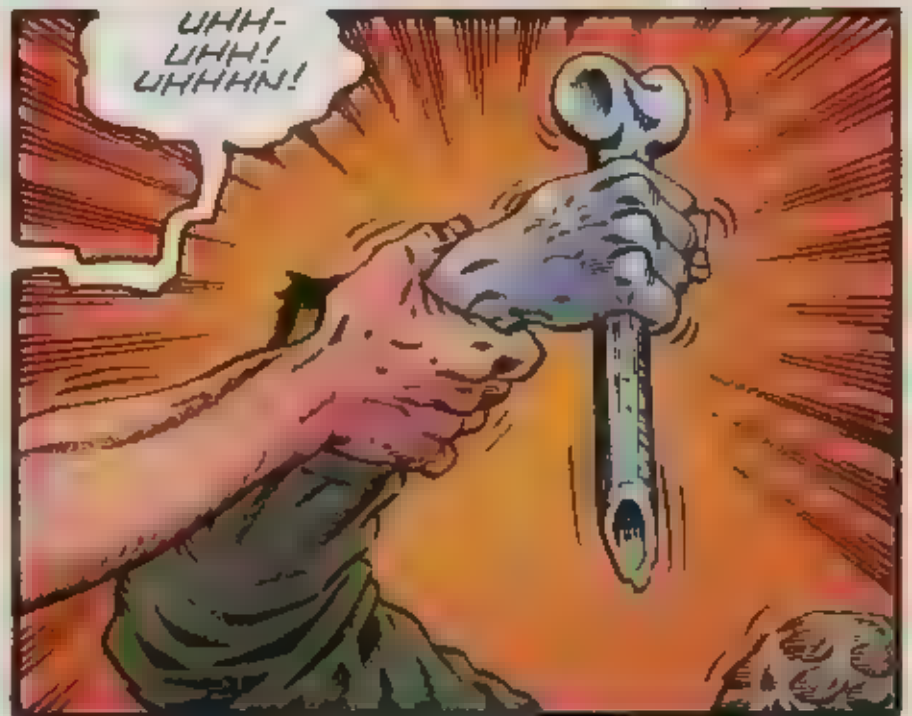
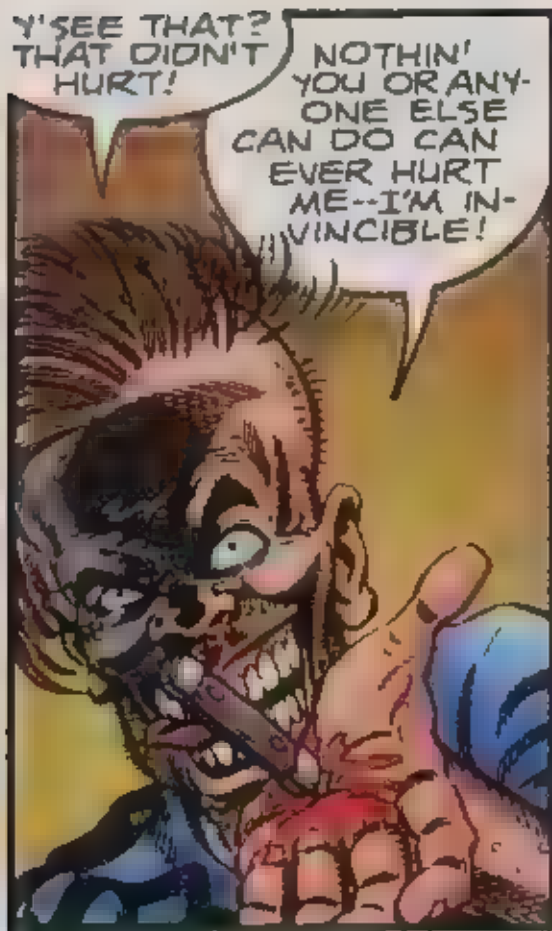
UFF!



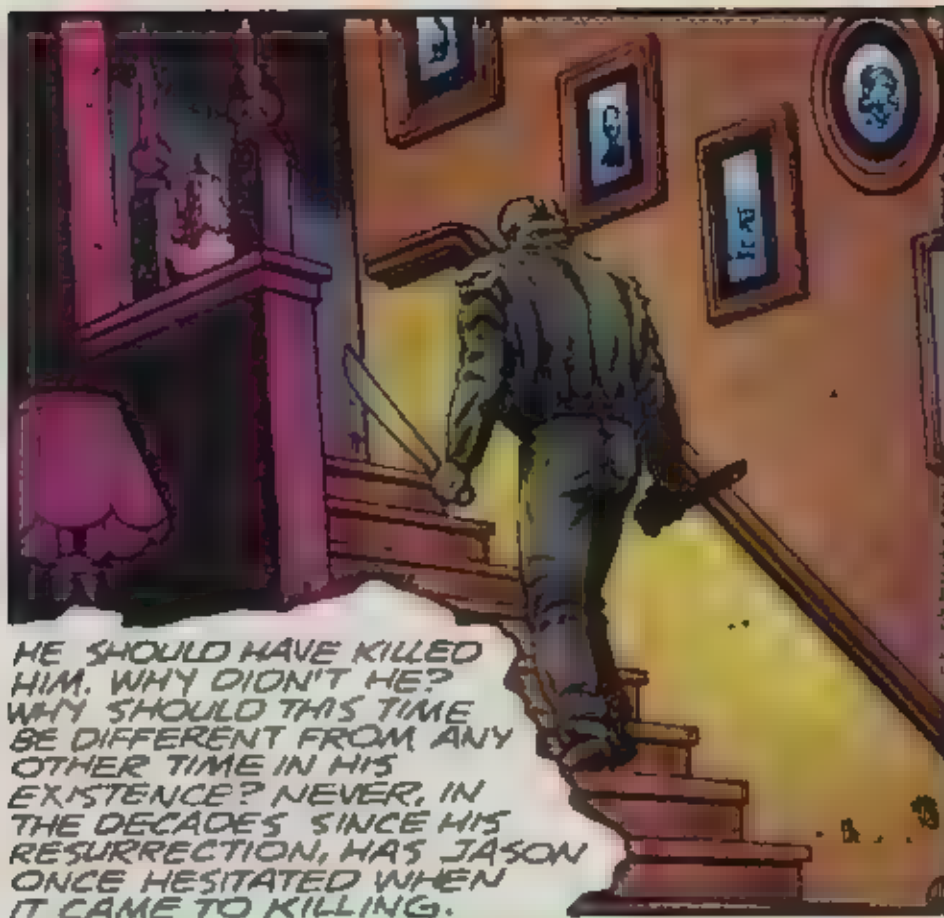
KZASH





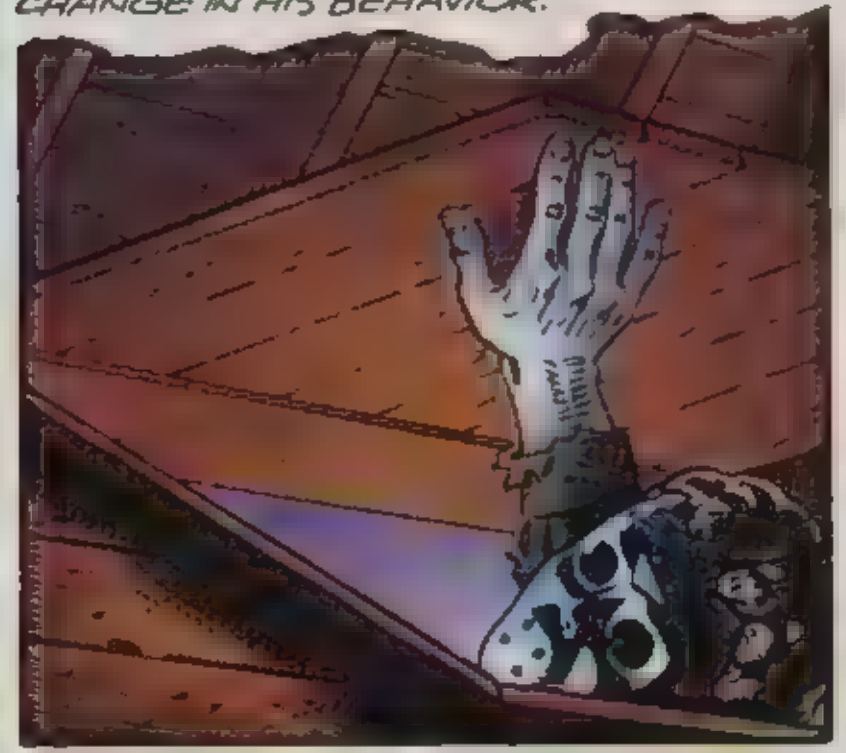






HE SHOULD HAVE KILLED HIM. WHY DIDN'T HE? WHY SHOULD THIS TIME BE DIFFERENT FROM ANY OTHER TIME IN HIS EXISTENCE? NEVER, IN THE DECADES SINCE HIS RESURRECTION, HAS JASON ONCE HESITATED WHEN IT CAME TO KILLING.

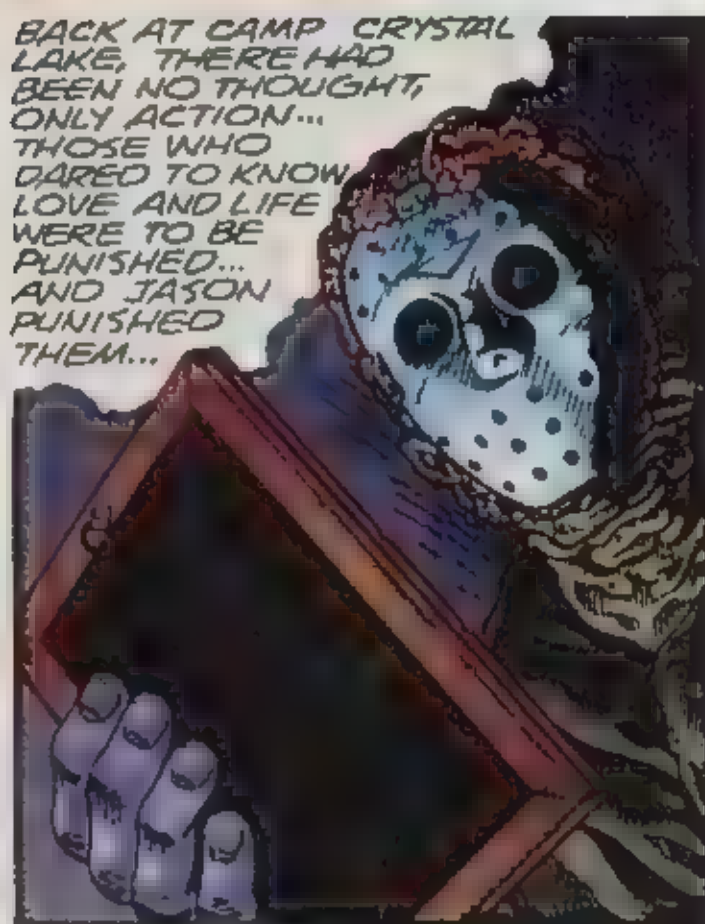
IN FACT, EVERYTHING ABOUT THE LAST FEW DAYS HAS BEEN ATYPICAL, PERHAPS BEING SEPARATED FROM THE FAMILIAR ENVIRONS OF CRYSTAL LAKE WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS STRANGE CHANGE IN HIS BEHAVIOR.



JASON'S MIND HAS BEEN FLOODED WITH MEMORIES OF WHAT IT WAS LIKE BEFORE.. CONFUSING HIM...

JASON HAS KNOWN NOTHING BUT HATE AND ANGER FOR SO MANY YEARS..THESE STRANGE NEW EMOTIONS FRIGHTEN HIM

HE NEEDS TIME TO THINK...WHICH IS ALIEN TO HIM, AS WELL...



BACK AT CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE, THERE HAD BEEN NO THOUGHT, ONLY ACTION... THOSE WHO DARED TO KNOW LOVE AND LIFE WERE TO BE PUNISHED... AND JASON PUNISHED THEM...



THINGS WERE SO MUCH SIMPLER THEN...

THERE YOU ARE, JASON. I WAS WONDERIN' WHERE YOU'D GOTTEN OFF TO...



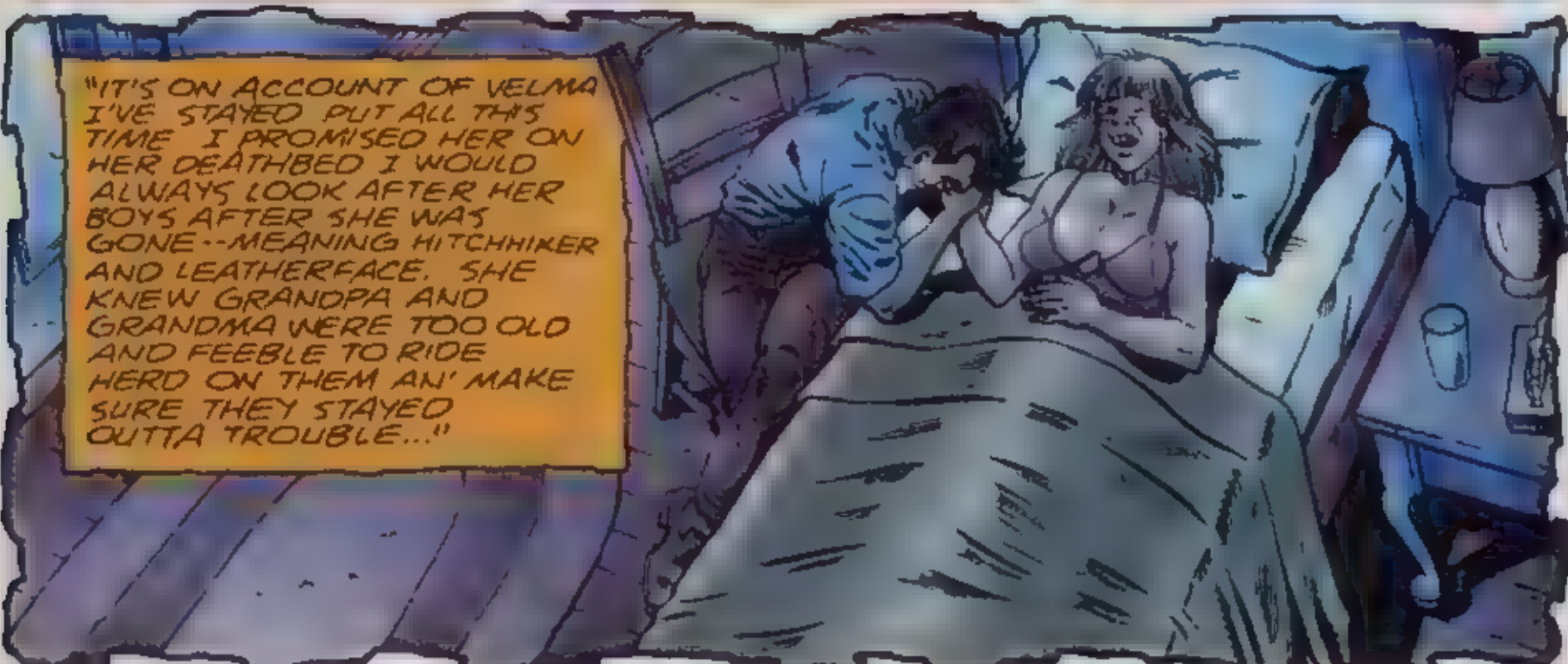
I FOUND OUT ABOUT THE DUST-UP YOU HAD WITH HITCHHIKER. I COME TO APOLOGIZE FOR THE BOY--LORD KNOWS YOU'LL NEVER HEAR IT OUTTA HIM!



I SEE YOU FOUND THE FAMILY PORTRAIT--THAT WAS TAKEN WHEN MY YOUNGER SISTER VELMA WAS STILL ALIVE.



"IT'S ON ACCOUNT OF VELMA I'VE STAYED PUT ALL THIS TIME. I PROMISED HER ON HER DEATHBED I WOULD ALWAYS LOOK AFTER HER BOYS AFTER SHE WAS GONE--MEANING HITCHHIKER AND LEATHERFACE. SHE KNEW GRANDPA AND GRANDMA WERE TOO OLD AND FEEBLE TO RIDE HERD ON THEM AN' MAKE SURE THEY STAYED OUTTA TROUBLE..."



HELL, WHAT ELSE COULD I DO? I'D SWORN AN OATH--AFTER ALL, I WAS HER BROTHER AND LEATHERFACE AND HITCHHIKER WERE HER BROTHER'S, TOO... KINDA--BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY.



HERE, HELP ME GIT GRANDPA AND GRANNY DOWNSTAIRS... IT'S ALMOST TIME FOR SUPPER!



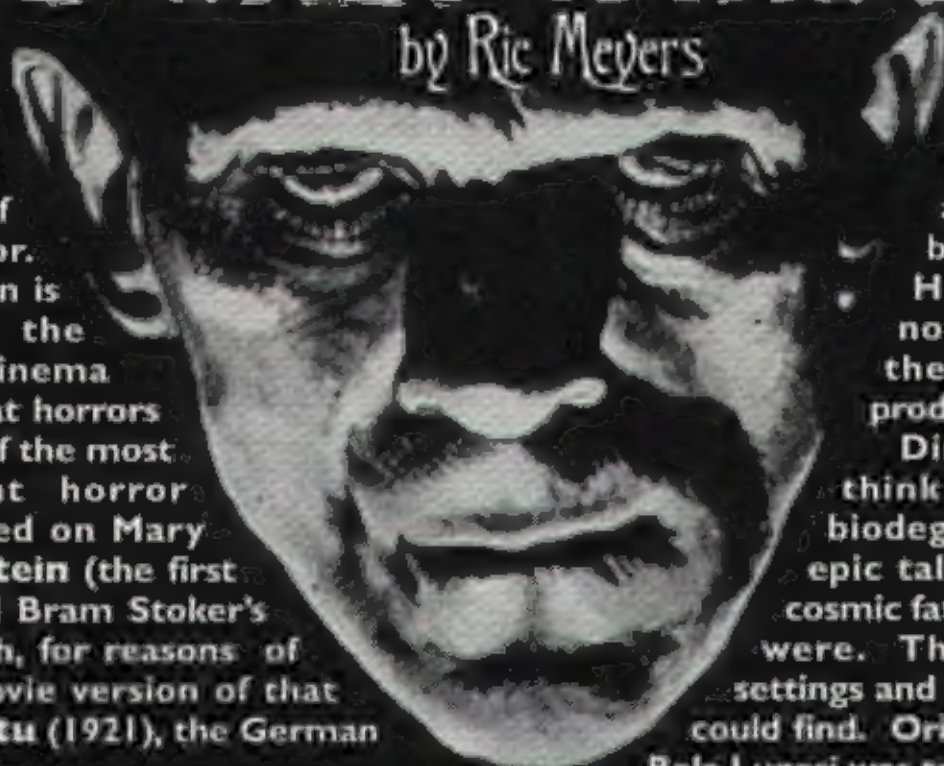


TO BE CONTINUED

Last issue, novelist C. Dean Andersson gave us his gut-reaction (or should we say gut-wrenching-reaction) to such ground-breaking horror movies as **FRIDAY THE 13th** and **THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE** when they first hit the big wide screen. Join us this month, as another talented scribe takes us back to the beginning of horror movies and talks about what all these cuddly monsters mean to him... —The Editor

KEEP TELLING YOURSELF "IT'S ONLY A MOVIE..."

by Ric Meyers



Fear. That's what it's all about. Fear of the known is terror. Fear of the unknown is horror. Initially, the great horrors of cinema came from the great horrors of literature. Two of the most memorable silent horror pictures were based on Mary Shelley's **Frankenstein** (the first filmed in 1910) and Bram Stoker's **Dracula** — although, for reasons of rights, the first movie version of that was called **Nosferatu** (1921), the German word for "vampire."

By any name, they were born of the greatest fear of all: fear of death. Both title creatures were monsters who had been created to beat that greatest of unknowns — the mystery we all get to solve. The Frankenstein Monster was death from life, and a perennial source of inspiration for moviemakers, but even that monster couldn't compete with the inherent fascination of the vampire, whose cinematic incarnations outnumber all others by about two to one.

The reason for that, perhaps, is that the vampire also represents the second most potent fear that afflicts the human race: fear of sex. Although the vampire legend was created in China, Bram Stoker used it to represent the sexually unrepressed European male coming into stiff and proper Britain to sweep the innocent flower of English girlhood off its virginal feet.

All the other monsters of moviedom were rays from the sun of Frankenstein and Dracula. **The Mummy** (first filmed in 1932) was another confrontation with death, attired in the exotic trapping of Egyptology. **The Werewolf** (1913) and **The Wolf Man** (1941) were other examinations of sexual fear, in which the bestial nature of man is given free rein. Robert Louis Stevenson made that particular horror overt in **Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde** (first filmed in 1920), in which, once the latter character was unleashed from the repressed subconscious of the former, he openly and slaveringly cavorted with all manner of trollop.

Sure, there was the occasional **Creature from the Black Lagoon** and **Phantom of the Opera**, but the real gold was in these few, famous, aforementioned monsters, just waiting to be mined by the properly exploitative filmmaker. Most studios thought these fiends were below

them, but not Universal Pictures. It needed money and thought little of using the beasts to entice the audience. Happily, they also thought nothing of doing the best job they possibly could with the productions.

Director James Whale didn't think of these pictures as biodegradable junk, but rather as epic tales of humans fighting their cosmic fate — which is exactly what they were. They had beautiful, baroque settings and the best actors the producers could find. Originally, Hungarian stage actor Bela Lugosi was to play both Count Dracula and Frankenstein's monster, but he turned down the latter role because he did not consider the monosyllabic part potent enough. That set the stage for the imposing British actor Boris Karloff to run with the role and create a cinematic icon.

The visualizations of all the afore-mentioned monsters in the 1930s were excellent, and are still the standards to which all others are compared. But Hollywood has a nasty habit of repeating winning formulas until they are tired, and, ultimately, become satires of themselves.

Frankenstein's Monster had already gone the lampoon route with the entertaining and amusing **Son of Frankenstein** (1939), featuring the last appearance of Karloff as the monster and an exceptional performance of sustained hysteria by Basil Rathbone (the screen's most famous Sherlock Holmes), in the title role. (In fact, a huge amount of Mel Brooks' **Young Frankenstein** (1974) came directly from this movie.)

With the huge success of **Abbott & Costello Meet Frankenstein** (1948), it became clear that Universal's main monsters had gone completely camp. There's still some fun to be in such titles as **House of Frankenstein** (1944) and **Frankenstein Meets the Wolf Man** (1943), but, for the most part, the work was uninspired and, even worse, dull.

It seems the fears that powered these creatures were no longer as relevant after World War II. Instead, as of August 1945, audiences had a new, much more tangible fear to dread — the atomic bomb. Through its radiation, a new cinematic lineage was formed: the **Godzilla** (1953) Japanese monster series and the "giant insect fear films of the '50s." Starting with the best of the lot — the giant ant movie, **Them** (1954) — and moving in an entertaining way through spiders (**Tarantula**,

1955), praying mantises (**The Deadly Mantis**, 1957), and even grasshoppers (**The Beginning of the End**, 1957) – there were plenty of mutated, giant-sized creepy-crawlies to keep audiences occupied.

Our eternal fear foundation was given a new lease on life in the late '50s by way of England's Hammer Films, which added a graphic and imaginative grand guignol to visualizations of the living dead. Supporting actors Christopher Lee and Peter Cushing were promoted to starring roles, and, with veteran director Terence Fisher bringing class to the bloody goings-on, they played monster, monster-maker, and monster-killer with hitherto unseen energy and decadent style.

Lee's **Dracula** (**Horror of Dracula**, 1958) remains the screen's most fearsome, while Cushing's arrogant, amoral, and ultimately tragic Baron Frankenstein (**The Curse of Frankenstein**, 1957) rendered the monster he created in each of his subsequent films practically superfluous. Even the clearly sexist ...and **Frankenstein Created Woman** (1967) transcended its origins, thanks to Hammer's adult approach and Peter Cushing's innate nobility. His charisma, and that of Christopher Lee, were about the only things that kept their respective series watchable as the law of diminishing returns eroded the films to such laughable and boring trash as **The Satanic Rites of Dracula** (1973).

On this side of the Atlantic, death, sex, and radiation took a back seat to paranoia, represented by Senator Joseph McCarthy's power-mongering commie-hunting and the Cold War. The cinematic representation of the way Government power dehumanized the masses was the classic **Invasion of the Body Snatchers** (1956). It, in its own way, also begat a new slant on the zombie, which ultimately resulted in such stunning films as **Night of the Living Dead** (1968), **Dawn of the Dead** (1979) and **Evil**



One of Hammer Films' last vampire films, **Twins of Evil** about a pair of female vampires played by twin ex-Playboy Playmates! (What did you think "Twins of Evil" meant? Oh! Get your mind out of the gutter!)

Dead I (1983) and **II** (1987).

For the next horror film trend, trust cinema legend Alfred Hitchcock to really shake things up. In 1960, Hitchcock directed **Psycho**, which was truly the first of the genre that, to this very day, remains the cinematic mainstay: the human being as monster. We no longer needed vampires and mummies when we had Ed Gein – the real-life, corpse-loving nutcase who inspired **Psycho**, **Deranged** (1974), and **The Texas Chainsaw Massacre** (1974) among others.

The latter title, which introduced a rabid audience to **Leatherface**, is the king of the movies which, like **Jaws** (1975), are remembered as a lot gorier than they actually were. Virtually bloodless, **Massacre** was also special in that it was legitimately frightening, as opposed to being simply gruesome. And, unlike most of the mass-murder movies which came in its wake, **Chainsaw's** cast of killers really seemed to be psychotics, rather than posturing, overacting thespians.

Only the Devil himself, in the cinematic form of **The Exorcist** (1973) and **The Omen** (1976) series, could compete with the new monsters society was helping create. Ted Bundy and Jeffrey Daumer, serial killing machines, were truly frightening because they represented nothing but their own hate and need to destroy.

Suddenly, motivation was all but thrown out the window. Filmmakers were now free to portray monsters who killed simply for the sake of killing. We no longer needed the trappings of legend or myth. That much was clear in the successful murder movie **Last House on the Left** (1972), made by Wes Craven – who went on to create Freddy Krueger for **Nightmare on Elm Street** (1984) – and Sean S. Cunningham, who later created Jason Vorhees in the **Friday the 13th** (1980) series. In **Last House**, they started with a classic vengeance tale (inspired by Ingmar Bergman's seminal



A rare behind-the-scenes look at Jason getting a touch-up during **Friday the 13th**.

art film **Wild Strawberries** [1957] of all things!) of daughters despoiled by sociopaths and families paying back, in kind, the rapists/murderers. That film begat the famous ad campaign that warned: "to avoid fainting, keep repeating, it's only a movie... only a movie... only a movie..."

Inspired by **Last House's** success, Cunningham cobbled together a budget to make a modern version of the kind of gore movie that, up until that time, had been the sole product of a marketmaster named Herschell Gordon Lewis. Lewis had made his fame in the '60s, making nasty, lurid, amateurish gore-fests with titles such as **Blood Feast** (1963) and **Two Thousand Maniacs** (1964). Cunningham did him one better by combining decent filmmaking technique with a game cast (which included Betsy Palmer and Kevin Bacon) and a young makeup genius named Tom Savini.

Even with Bacon in the cast, Savini's special effects were the real stars of **Friday the 13th**, stitched to a throbbing plotline that saw someone graphically eliminated almost every seven minutes. Cunningham sold the independently-produced flick to Paramount Pictures, using such techniques as planting easily-scared "screamers" in the screenings to impress studio executives with the



Christopher Lee embodied Dracula from the late 50s through the 70s for Hammer Films.

film's fear factor. The Paramount publicity department certainly got into the bloodthirsty spirit of the picture, creating an amazingly effective ad campaign that took the form of a body count. **Friday the 13th** remains a classic of its kind – the perfect bookend to that initial marketing ploy that warned "...it's only a movie..."

But now the line between the movies and real life is getting thinner, what with the increasingly fearsome film examinations of serial murder, such as the mesmerizing **Silence of the Lambs** (1993) and the mean-spirited **Seven** (1995).

Fear of death. Fear of sex. Or is that actually the fear of "life"? The fear of living up to your potential? Is that what all this bloodshed is really about?

Maybe. But maybe fright fests are also a way of actually getting in touch with our own bestial sides, or a way to let off steam from our complex subconsciouses. Who knows?

All I can say for sure is that, after all these years, our fears really remain the same. Only the monsters have changed.

Ric Meyers has been assistant editor for the Atlas Comics line, associate editor for *Starlog* magazine, and head writer for *Fangoria*. As consulting editor for *Famous Monsters of Filmland*, he was responsible for putting the unmasked Jason Vorhees on the cover of that esteemed publication. He has contributed to CBS' recent *Twilight Zone* series, ABC's new *Columbo*, and has been featured on both Arts & Entertainment and The Discovery Channel. Among his most popular nonfiction books are *The Great Science Fiction Films*, *For One Week Only: The World of Exploitation Films*, *TV Detectives*, *Murder on the Air*, and *Martial Arts Movies*. His recent fiction includes a horror trilogy for Dell Books: *Fear Itself*, *Living Hell*, and *Worst Nightmare*. He is currently scripting the *Jackie Chan* comic book for Topps Comics, and he is the movie columnist for *Inside Kung-Fu* and *The Armchair Detective* magazines.



Photo by Bob Nison

Correction

Dear Renée:

Not content with just thanking you on phonemail, here it is in writing: THANKS! I'm proud to be part of JvSL 1.

I loved it, right down to the "Suggested for Demented Readers" on the front. Bisley's cover painting is wonderful. And your color work really made the fine Butler/Montano art come alive. Collins' story was an intriguing start, lots of nice touches. But since it begins after the 6th Jason, how's she going to get Jason chained up back at the bottom of Crystal Lake for the beginning of the 7th Jason, especially since in the comic they were going to drain Crystal Lake? Yes, I'm intrigued.

Who did the lettering on the "Halloween Chainsaw Hockey" title? Please tell 'em I really liked it. From my background in art and graphic design, using type as a design element was/is always a favorite (the title lettering on the cover was nicely done, too). All in all, you couldn't have made my article look better. So, thanks, again. But the error I mentioned on the phone, for the record:

In my original I said **BLACK SUNDAY**, not **BLACK SABBATH**. I liked Mario Bava's **BLACK SABBATH**, too, especially the Boris Karloff vampire story that ended it, but the Barbara Steele vampire film is Mario Bava's **BLACK SUNDAY**. People sometimes think that's wrong because of the Super Bowl blimp movie of the same name made from Thomas Harris' **BLACK SUNDAY** novel. Maybe I should have used the original Italian title. It translates to **MASK OF THE DEMON** or **MASK OF THE DEVIL**. I hope we can let readers know I know my **SUNDAY**s from my **SABBATH**s. Maybe put a note in the back of JvSL 2 or 3?

About that comic (as mentioned on the phone and in the article) where we get Jason out of the sewers of NYC at the end of Jason 8 and back to Crystal Lake for Jason 9... he jumps from body to body in 9 with the help of that ugly slug-thing that crawls out of him and down people's throats, so the slug-thing comes out of the dead boy Jason in the sewer then goes on a scenic body-to-body jumping spree in NYC as it heads back to Crystal Lake like a lethal salmon heading home to spawn. The possibilities are gorendous. Jason vs. NYPD Bluesque.

--Dean.

Thanks, Dean! Sorry for the mistake.